A Push For Time by bitchinsinclair

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Summary:

i got a random prompt and it was just an excuse to write some quickie risque desk sex

featuring teacher!reader

A Push For Time

Author's Note:

a random number generator gave me prompt number 42 from olivebranchesandredwine on tumblr: "we've only got three minutes... let's do this fast."

enjoy!

“We’ve only got three minutes... let’s do this fast.”

“What?” Jim asked, his eyebrows furrowing as he slightly narrows his eyes-looking confused as hell when you locked the door after your last student left the room. But he catches on quickly once you turn around and advance on him.

“Woah!” You frown when his arms shoot out from his sides, stopping you from attacking his lips with yours.

His eyes are wide as he keeps you at arm's length with one eyebrow raised incredulously. “And get arrested for public indecency? Around minors?”

“Well it’s a good thing I'm wearing this long skirt, all you have to do is pull my underwear to the side and slide that fat cock of yours into me.” You smirk, steadily lifting up your skirt to bare your skin to him.

Jim shook his head, starting to say, “But-,” and you cut him off, making it clear that the door was locked and you were alone.

“Now fuck me *hard* and make me come, Chief… like I said, we only have three minutes.”

It was hard for him to try to protest when your lips found his again, tongue worming its way between his lips and against his own.

Any of his objections or hesitations die down when you grab his

crotch, feeling him hardening because of your unexpected neediness- as his need started growing as well.

Pleasure grows in the pit of your belly and with his leg between yours, you were nearly humping his thigh like a bitch in heat. Which, you might as well have been one.

God, it was pure torture having to grin and bear it while he was talking to the classroom, smiling appropriately and trying to stop staring at his ass-seeing him in his uniform never failed to make you hot.

Your thighs had been squeezing consistently underneath your long skirt as you had watched him, and as soon as your students started leaving you'd already made your mind up, you had to have him.

Decency be damned.

His hands paw at you in return, gripping your ass and bunching up your skirt so he can feel your skin underneath his fingertips.

His lips slide from your mouth to your jaw when you pull away, breathing heavily and moaning softly when you feel his teeth bare themselves against your skin.

"Oh god- no time for all that. Fuck me, Chief."

"Yes ma'am."

You turn around and bend over your desk-and it's still one of Hopper's favorite sights.

He helps you pull up your skirt until it rests on top of your hips and pulls the seat of your underwear to the side until your pussy is bared to him.

Jim curses, "*Jesus*. Doesn't take much to get you wet for me, huh?"

"*Fuck me*." You all but whine, caught off guard when his cock plunges into your heat, snug walls sucking him inside with ease.

No further words between you are needed or shared beyond a few of

your favorite curse words and restrained grunts and moans.

“Oh god, oh god, oh *god*.”

Your hips press into the edge of your desk as his hips slam against your ass furiously, whole body shaking with each thrust as he fucks you with wild abandon-as if you’re not in public, at work, in a *classroom* , waiting for your next round of students.

The heavy and genuine wooden desk doesn’t move an inch, just creaks as he pounds his cock into your pussy like he needed a fuck more than you did.

It made you squirm and eyes roll until you saw the backs of your eyelids, wanting to moan and scream and shout about how fucking good he was giving it to you.

You wanted-no, you *needed* to come, fingers scrambling as they search for something to hold as you’re forced to hang on for the ride.

Your abdomen is clenching so hard it hurts and you have to bite the insides of your cheeks when he suddenly switches his target and starts pounding directly into your sweet spot, hands gripping your hips with his thumbs almost digging into your ass.

“Mm, yeah, keep squeezing my cock like that.”

Squeezing around him feels great for the both of you as he drives his cock into you, huffing as his pelvis repeatedly slaps against your ass, the slight sting muted by your panties.

“Fu-uck.” It’s a low and whiny sort of almost squeal as you grow closer and closer, on the brink of the edge and just needing a *little* more to push you past it.

“C‘mon baby, you gonna come for me?”

One hand grips your hip so hard that it hurts but you're so blinded by the pleasure the brutal pounding of your pussy brings that you don’t even care you’ll be sore later.

Once Hopper’s hand slithers around your hips to roll your clit

between his fingers, your pussy clamps down on his cock as you come, sobbing quietly as your abdomen clenches and twists until it almost hurts.

“Fuck, that’s my good girl. Filthy baby.”

Hopper curses a little too loudly as you bite the inside of your cheek, swallowing every moan and wail of delight that comes from your much needed orgasm.

He keeps rubbing your clit to make you ride through it as much as possible while he chases his own release. His thrusts pick up speed and it feels so good that it hurts-making you bite down on your hand to keep from wailing in pleasure.

But it all comes to an end when you hear, “I’m close,” and then, “Jesus, *oh* fuck, I’m gonna come.”

You whimper, cursing as you reluctantly push him off and out of you, legs shaking as your pussy immediately misses the fullness his cock provides when you clench around nothing. “Shit!”

But you fall down onto your knees in front of him, taking his cock into your hand and quickly jerk him off, wrapping your lips around his slippery head that's wet with your cum and sucking until he’s releasing in your mouth, his cum coating your tongue and warm as it slides down your throat.

After he tucks himself back in his pants, he kisses you when you stand up on shaky legs, inching over to your chair behind your desk.

Hop walks with a newly invigorated pep as he reaches the door, unlocks it and turns around just as he’s about to leave, putting his shades on.

“Better hope it doesn’t smell like sex in here.”

Author's Note:

> i love reading your comments! if you enjoyed this, i'd love to know ❤□❤□

quick question!

bc i've been seeing quite a bit of opinions ab it…. how do you guys feel ab the word 'cock'? i know i use it a lot, but are there some of you that don't like it?

personally i love it… i love it a lot more than 'dick' or *penis* or *maleness* or *rod* or *thing* and any other euphemism there is that has been used that i've read

just a thought i wanted to throw out lol